

Thunder Showers and
Much Cooler.

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AEROPLANE AFLAME, BLERIOT TUMBLES FROM THE CLOUDS

Thousands, Breathless,
Watch Blazing Machine
Drop Through Air.

AVIATOR'S INJURIES SERIOUS, NOT FATAL

Fire Starts With Explosion of
Petrol on the Famous
Airship.

RHEIMS, Aug. 29.—Before thousands of spectators, breathless and horrified, but unable to do anything but watch with straining eyes, Louis Bleriot, the aviator who first crossed the English Channel from France to Britain in a heavier-than-air machine, was injured severely this afternoon, while hundreds of feet in the air above the aviation course.

For the first time in the history of successful heavier-than-air flight a machine of known quality was destroyed by fire, and a new danger was added to a new science. The accident to Bleriot's monoplane, next to the bi-plane of Glenn H. Curtiss, the American, the fastest yet constructed, was the result of an explosion of petrol, carried aboard the machine.

Aviator's Injuries.

Bleriot's injuries are confined, it is believed, to the face and legs. Bad burns on both legs and on the face from burning petrol will keep him confined for some time.

Madame Bleriot, who has witnessed every flight of her husband and who for months has pleaded with him to quit aviation, was one of the first to reach him after the aeroplane hit the ground. She hurried with her husband to the hospital and is remaining with him.

The accident came just after Bleriot had started. The monoplane rose rapidly when something went wrong. There was an explosion the noise of which barely reached the crowd and then the monoplane which crossed the channel was seen to be almost a solid sheet of flame. The burning petrol spurted over the canvas wings and they were afire in a second. The intense heat of the burning petrol put the machinery out of commission in an instant. The monoplane, blackened and looking like an ugly spider, fell to the course helpless as such a creature falls when its web is slashed from its moorings of gauze.

Thousands Present.

Thousands of Sunday excursionists attracted by the wonderful performances of the past week were on the grounds, and tried to rush forward when the machine fell. The gendarmes, however, stopped the first rush and only a few were permitted to approach the machine.

Madame Bleriot, the most interested spectator of all, was not restrained. She rushed to the side of her husband and remained with him. He was removed in a few minutes to a hospital, and when it was made known that his injuries were not fatal those of the crowd who heard it were overjoyed that France's most noted aviator still lived, and was not likely to die from the accident.

Captain Durgate also figured in an accident today. His machine was destroyed also.

High Flights.

The feature of today's program will be the Prix de l'Altitude. A prize of \$2,000 will be awarded the aeronaut attaining the highest altitude. The conclusion of the passenger and speed contests and the long distance flights by

(Continued on Second Page.)

WEATHER REPORT.

A marked change to cooler weather has taken place in the lake region, the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and the Plains States.

The weather will be cooler in practically all districts east of the Mississippi river during the next thirty-six hours. There will be showers tonight or Monday in the South Atlantic and East Gulf States and showers this afternoon followed by fair tonight and Monday in the Middle Atlantic and North Atlantic States.

FORECAST FOR DISTRICT.

Thunderstorms this afternoon. Fair and much cooler tonight and Monday, North and northwest winds.

TEMPERATURES.

8 a. m.	74
9 a. m.	75
10 a. m.	76
11 a. m.	77
Noon	78
1 p. m.	79
2 p. m.	80

SUN TABLE.

Sun rises.	5:25
Sun sets.	6:36

TIDE TABLE.

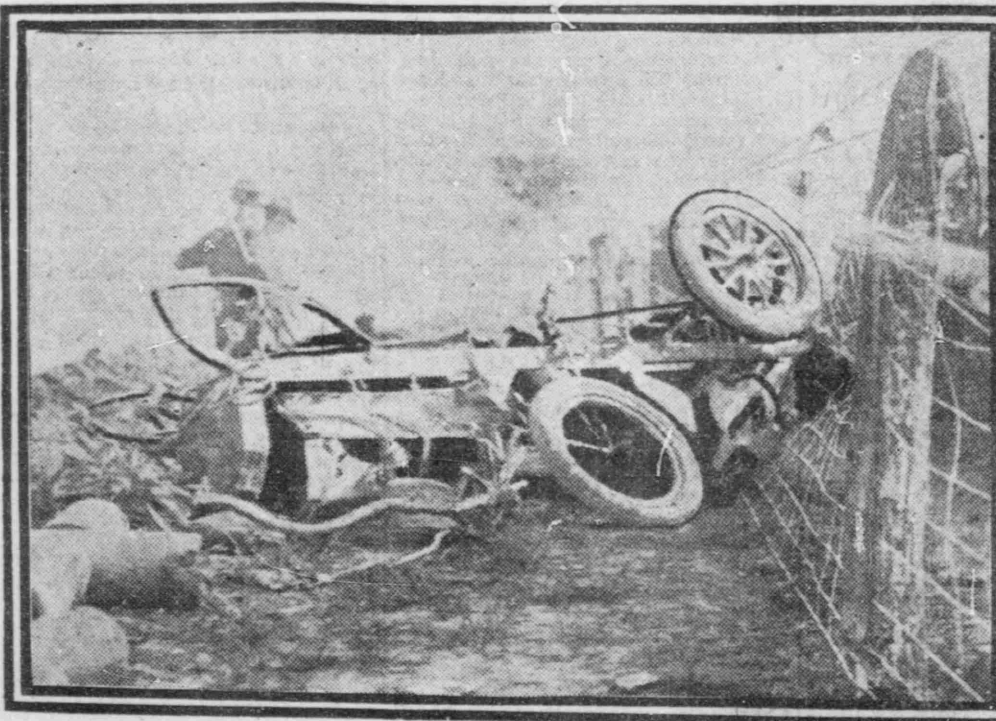
Today—High tide, 6:12 a. m. and 6:47 p. m.	Low tide, 12:12 a. m. and 12:50 p. m.
Tomorrow—High tide, 7:05 a. m. and 7:20 p. m.	Low tide, 1:10 a. m. and 1:48 p. m.

CONDITION OF RIVERS.

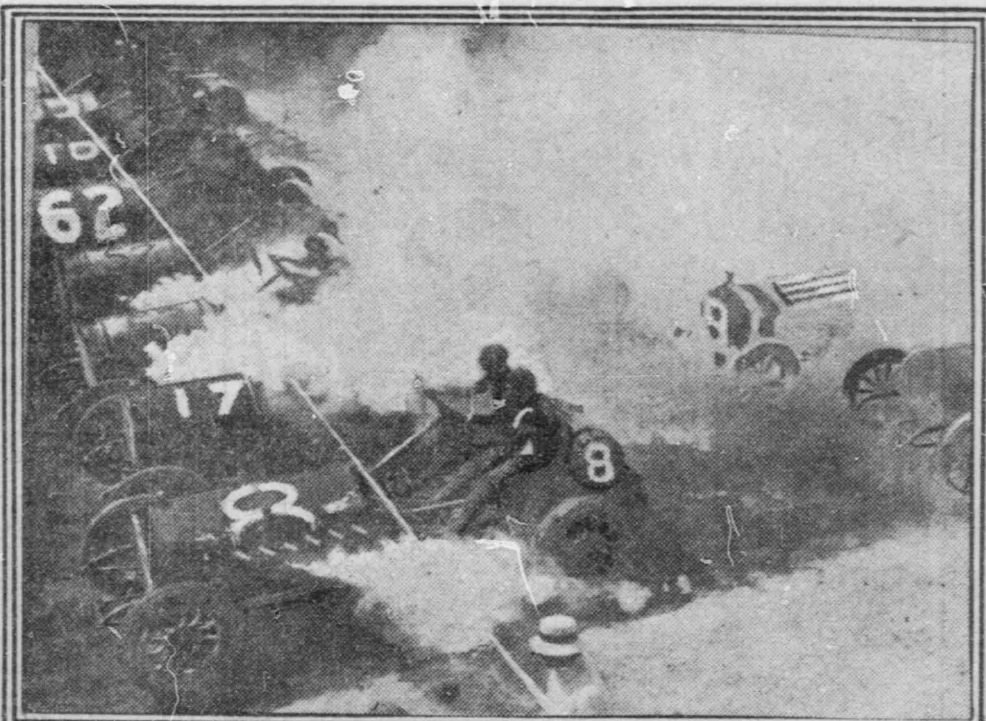
HARPER FERRY, W. Va., Aug. 29.—The Potomac is clear and the Shenandoah is very cloudy today.

A Good Door, \$1.50 apiece. Frank Libbey & Co., 6th & N. Y. Ave. —Adv.

Stage Setting at Indianapolis' Session of Speed Maniacs.



Wreck of the Knox car after the deaths of Driver Bourque and Mechanician Holcomb.



Start of the 300-mile race. Driver Merz in car No. 10. Second line of cars is hidden by the smoke, and men must start off at high speed when unable to see ten feet ahead.

WORKINGMAN FEELS PROSPERITY'S TOUGH

Prominent Manager Says
Business Confidence Is
Restored.

That Washington's industrial and governmental workers, the two classes who contribute the greatest amount to the support of local business enterprises, are feeling the prosperous impulses which is just now turning the wheels of industry, is the belief of Isaac Gans, manager of Saks & Co.

Mr. Gans, whose long experience in the local merchandising field has made him a critical observer of conditions, bases his opinion on the increased expenditures of the individual buyer, on the desire of the individual to dress better, and the universal disposition to buy better grades of goods. This liberal tendency on the part of the buyer, he says, has not only stimulated business generally, but is the surest barometer of prosperous times.

Outlook Bright.

To Mr. Gans the outlook for 1910 is exceedingly rosy, and he views the awakening of industries everywhere and other signs of the times as indicating that Washington's future is definite and assured.

"For merchants as well as the people," says Mr. Gans, "I know of no city in the country that gives so much promise of prosperity as Washington. The owners of this store are so convinced of the truth of this that they have been encouraged this summer to make extensive store improvements."

Trade Increases.

"And it may be said in the larger sense that Washington today offers a most attractive field for all its merchants. The population of the city is growing by leaps and bounds and in consequence there have been great trade increases. Buyers have learned the valuable lesson that they can purchase anything here that they can in any other city, and as cheaply. This has centered more trade here and has increased the number of business enterprises."

"One almost certain sign of the increasing prosperity that has become more than a sentiment with the people is that they are now spending more money with merchants than they did a few months ago. Where men and women bought one suit formerly they now buy two, and their incidental expenses are more liberal. We storekeepers can intimate knowledge of the needs and circumstances of our patrons and we understand the impulse that leads them to spend their money."

People Confident.

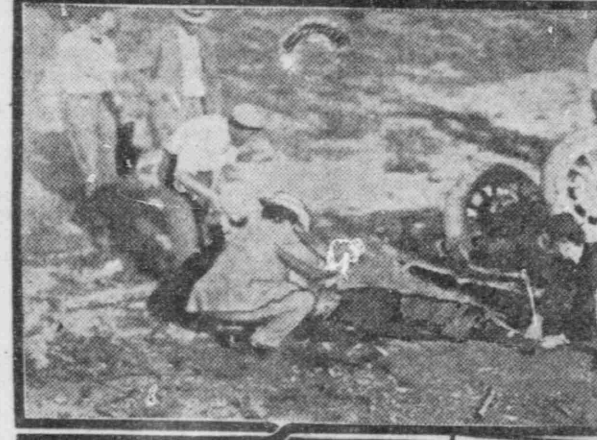
"Because the people feel with the merchants this assurance of prosperous times ahead they are not at all backward in keeping the sentiment of prosperity alive. The business world needs this as well as it does the capital with which it invests in stocks, and Washington business men note with gratification their liberal public support. It is the life of all trade and the keynote of our present increasing prosperity."

IRELAND'S OUTLOOK PLEASES ARCHBOLD

Standard Oil Magnate, Comfortably Seated on Trunk,
Waiting for Custom Inspector, Talks of Nothing
But His Trip Abroad.

New York, Aug. 29.—John D. Archbold, of Standard Oil fame, sat on a trunk swinging his legs contentedly while waiting for a custom officer to examine his baggage at the White Star line pier this morning. His wife occupied the other end of the trunk and he and she stood a maid.

"The prosperity of Ireland" was the only subject he cared to discuss with a Munsey News Service correspondent. "Ireland," said Mr. Archbold, "has none of the poverty people read about. At least, I could not find it. We mo-



After the National car had gone through fence, Merz being led away after crawling from under machine.

HUNGER AND DEATH REIGN IN MONTEREY

Floods Recede—Living Victims Face Pestilence and Starvation.

MONTEREY, Mexico, Aug. 29.—Every incoming train to this city today is bringing troops, nurses, doctors, and food for the 15,000 homeless citizens of the flood swept south side.

Nearby cities are contributing their share of succor, but the majority of the provisions is being brought direct from Mexico City.

A call for help has been sent to the United States, following a meeting of the American colony, and telegraph messages have been received from American cities just across the border, line that aid will be forthcoming.

There is little need for the troops, save to expedite the distribution of provisions. The city authorities have kept the strictest order and the wealthy residents both native and in the foreign colonies, have thrown open their doors to the desolate.

Full Realization.

Not until this morning could the residents realize the full measure of damage done by the floods.

When the darkness was dispelled this morning and the waters that had inundated whole sections of this city for nearly seventy-two hours had receded, its inhabitants awoke to see four city blocks completely desolated, to view the wreckage strewn over many squares and to discover human bodies lying high and dry where they had been washed to the very edge of the flooded district.

The death toll, taken from those reported missing, has already reached the 800 mark, and it may exceed this, for whole families are thought to have been wiped out and no one remains to ask for the dead.

The scene on the streets, where hundreds of half-clad sufferers wandered, many of them faint from battling with the waters of the Santa Catalina, added horror to the situation. Though many homes have been thrown open

(Continued on Second Page.)



PHOTOS BY SPOONER and WELLS INC. N.Y.
CHARLES MERZ,
The Twenty-One-Year-Old Driver of National Car, Before Starting in Race Which Cost Three Lives.

EXCURSION TRAIN IN REAR-END CRASH

Accident Near Springfield,
Ohio, Caused by a Sleep-
ing Switchman.

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, Aug. 29.—Twenty-four persons were injured in a rear-end collision of Big Four passenger trains at the West Main street crossing here early this morning. An excursion train returning to Springfield, from Dayton, Ohio, was struck by a northbound Cincinnati to Detroit, Mich., through express train No. 2.

W. L. Johnson, of Detroit, was hurled through the roof of a car and will die. T. D. McNeil, engineer of the fast northbound train, was internally injured and is not expected to live. Isaac Robinson, George Reynolds, John Johnson and M. Everingham, all of Springfield, Ohio, excursionists, were seriously injured and lie at the Springfield (Ohio) City Hospital. Reynolds, Johnson and Everingham are not expected to live.

Four more were removed at once to their homes at Springfield, and the extent of their injuries is not positively known, though they are said to have received serious injuries.

A switchman asleep at his post is given as cause of accident.

(Continued on Second Page.)

MADRID IS WORRIED BY THE SMALLPOX

Call Made for Volunteer Medical
Aid to Stamp Out
Disease.

MADRID, Aug. 29.—Medical experts today discovered that the disease prevalent in several portions of the city and responsible for a large number of deaths lately, is smallpox. General anxiety prevails, and the authorities have issued orders this afternoon making vaccination compulsory among all classes.

The disease has appeared in its most virulent form, and the health board is calling for volunteer medical aid to assist in a systematic campaign against the outbreak.

IBEANEZ'S FATHER IS DEAD IN MADRID

MADRID, Aug. 29.—Balasoa Ibanez, father of the great Spanish novelist, is dead here.

HARRIMAN'S STATE STILL IS MYSTERY

Presence of Wife at Church
Today Regarded as
Favorable Sign.

As Mrs. Harriman entered the church, she was asked by a staff correspondent of the Munsey News Service, what Mr. Harriman's condition was today.

"That is something I cannot talk about," she said.

"Is there any immediate possibility of an operation?"

To that question she replied: "That is a matter I cannot discuss outside of the family."

Further than this she would say nothing.

After the service, which was attended by about eighty residents, the Harrimans drove back to Tower Hill.

The presence of Mrs. Harriman and her son at church made it clear that

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

M'HARG UNSUPPORTED BY ADMINISTRATION

No Friendly Response Forthcoming From Beverly Regarding the Assistant Secretary's Attack on Roosevelt's Policies; Interview Harmful.

BEVERLY, Mass., Aug. 29.—Ormsby M'Harg, Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and noted as one of the most brilliant men in the Government service, will find that there is no friendly response from Beverly to his interview given out in Washington by him, attacking the Roosevelt conservation policies.

This is what the friends of the President are saying today. Viewing the interview from the sole light of expediency, those close to the Administration are declaring that Mr. M'Harg has turned loose comment which can only operate to the embarrassment of Mr. Taft and his advisers.

They fear that the published statements of the Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor will tend to put this Administration in the attitude of ridiculing and attacking the purposes of Mr. Roosevelt.

This fuss about conservation has

(Continued on Second Page.)

CARNIVAL OF SPEED AND A BLOODY TOLL, TALE OF AUTO RACE

New Dementia Americana
Which Keeps Abreast With
Demand to Hurry.

LESSONS TAUGHT BY INDIANA TRAGEDIES

Just How It Feels to Be Part of a
Huge Hurling Projectile of
Steel and Wood.

By ALLEN D. ALBERT, Jr.

YOU step into a racing automobile with a cold sensation in your stomach. The machine is a great deal smaller than you had expected and when you look down between your knees and see that there is no bottom to it you wonder why people don't get killed from falling through instead of being thrown into the air.

The noise is deafening. Twenty times a second the engine shoots off like a rapid-firing gun, only with a bark like a six-inch rifle. The steady hissade confuses you so that you overlook for a moment the fact that the exhaust is directly in front of you and that the engine is spitting fire—a foot, a foot and a half, maybe two feet—right into the air. The smoke of the unconsumed gasoline hangs over your head until you choke. Everything near you throbs. A rough footrest beats against the bottom of your shoes. The seat shakes. When you glance across at the steering-wheel you note that it is making the driver's forearm tremble like the palsy. Your whole body quivers.

There is a quick sound of "U-ugh!" in spite of your rigid shoulders your head jerks backward. Some dirt flies against your goggles. Before you have time to adjust all this in your mind you find yourself whirling past the poles beside the track at a speed which makes you wonder if express trains ever go so fast as this. Then there is a queer lurch forward. Then another. Then two long ones. The flesh on your cheekbones shakes. The wind blows the heat of the engine against your face. "What's that lunging?" you ask yourself. You think a moment and the cold in your stomach gets worse, and you wave your hand before the driver's face to get him to stop.

"That kinda pull forward, d'you mean?" he quizzes when he has turned the back of his hood toward you so that you can ask him through the hole behind his ear.

"Yes. What's that?"

"Why, that's when the car's off the ground."

You get in again. Your head bobs back, you throb all over, and there is the same whirling about your ears. You can't possibly make yourself heard if you talk. So with your stomach getting cold again and the sweat coming out on your lips and chin you wait for the next lap. It comes. The driver stops for you to measure the rise in the track that took you off the ground. You run back. You put a board across the little "thank-you-ma'am" you find there. You take a rule and measure the rise of it. It is five-eighths of an inch. Yet that's the hummock that sent your car forward fully twenty feet before it touched the ground again.

"We're goin' t'hit it up some now," says the driver when you climb in. "U-ugh!" goes the car. This time you hold your chin to your breast. The wind brings the heat to your face again. Little specks of dirt fly against your face and ears. The noise grows from a rapid fire into a steady din. You see yellow and red come incessantly from the pipe in the side of the engine. When you breathe deeply you feel something hard go up your nose, you cough, and you taste dirt. The car lunges now every moment.

Suddenly you bump the driver at your side. He has taken the first part of a curve. You hold yourself to the other side by gripping

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

Pretty Mantels, \$2.50 a piece. Frank Libbey & Co., 6th & N. Y. Ave. —Adv.